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Stopovers permitted on all Overland and Pullman tickets.

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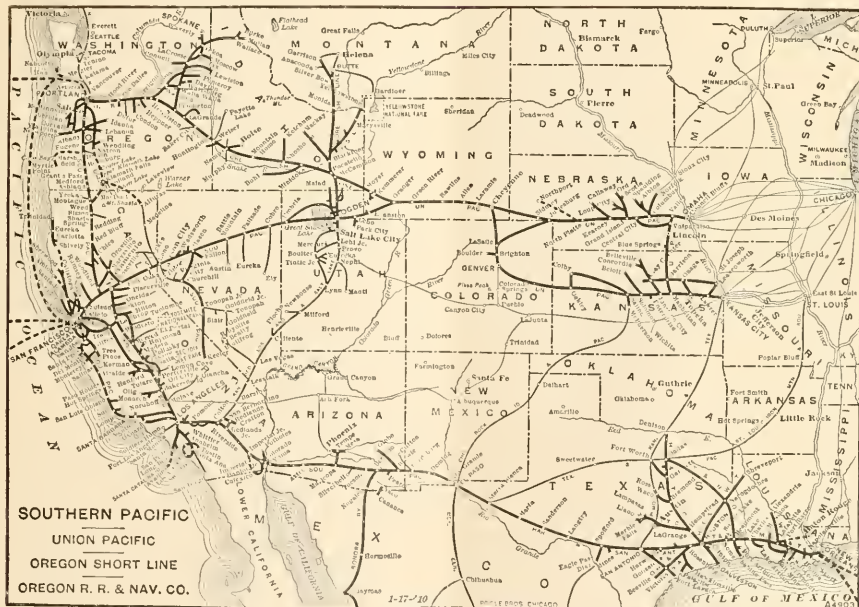
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THE SIERRA NEVADA—Snowy Range—has been well renamed by John Muir the Range of Light; for these mountains of California are the Illumined Mountains. Their mural walls rise to over thirteen thousand feet, and the battlemented peaks and domes fifteen hundred feet higher in the clouds. On their flanks and lower sides are the dark covers of the

world's greatest coniferous forests; above, the High Sierra glows, amber-like in the afternoon sun of summer, graced with chains of pearl-like mountain lakes and each high peak throated with a scarf of snow. These high granite walls are here and there riven by great chasms, ice-sculptured on a mighty plan. Of these deep Sierra rifts, the greatest in sheer walls and mighty waterfalls is the Yosemite.

The Yosemite National Park is in the heart of the Sierra in central-eastern California, and is now easy of access—none of the American wonderlands more so. From north and south the Southern Pacific joins the Yosemite Valley Railroad at Merced, and the latter with a journey of eighty miles up the beautiful Merced River takes the traveler to the park line—El Portal. A stage ride of fourteen miles completes the trip to the heart of the Valley. Both at El Portal and in the Valley are such ties to civilization the year round as steam-heated, electric-lighted hotels, with telephone, telegraph and express offices. There are comfortable tent villages in summer for those who would be out-of-doors; and for others, nearer kin to the wilderness and who would rest beneath bright stars, there is the whole width of the Sierra, with dry, clear summer nights and sunny days.

The Yosemite is now accessible in winter as well as in summer; hence to its attractions is added the singular impressiveness of great snow-robes. To the Californian, to whom winter usually mean oranges and orange blossoms, rose tournaments and uplands of wild flowers, this accessibility brings the novelty of the ski-ing, skating, tobogganing and kindred joys.

The Yosemite National Park covers a domain thirty-six by forty-eight miles; the Valley itself is a *cul-de-sac* about seven miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide. Its center is a level park-like meadow through which a tuneful river runs; a peaceful place where, over the streams bend alder, willow, flowering dogwood, balm of Gilead and other water-loving

trees; where groves of tall pines and groups of black oaks are interspersed with carpets of emerald verdure made colorful by many varieties of wild flowers, such as lupines, daisies, golden-rods, mints, with green ferns in secluded dells; altogether a quaint, flowered landscape of trees and plain and stream with stretches of shrubs—the red-stemmed manzanita, the chinquapin, the beautiful California lilac (*ceanothus*), gold-cup oak and their kind.

Above this level, tranquil loveliness rise mile-high, cloud-supporting walls, grim and gray in place, here and there colored marvelously. Sculptured giant-fashion into domes and half-domes, spires and pinnacles and frowning precipices, recessed for dropping rivers, these Sierra walls encompass our meadow and make of it the flowerful floor of a great chasm.

Yet brook and meadow, green and flowering color of wild blossom, own the sunshine and are not overborne by the carved mountains above; the daisy is as much at home in the Yosemite as is the cloud-like Half Dome at the head of the Valley. In waterfalls and sheer cliffs the Yosemite is supreme. Nowhere else do rivers thunder over cliffs a half-mile high! nor in any other place have the snow-waters of high mountains found such variety and beauty of courses down mountain walls to unify in a valley river. Out from beneath the great snow mantle of the High Sierra in spring pour the snow-waters into the cup of the Yosemite; and all summer, though in lessening volume, these forested, flowering, lake-dotted mountains, great reservoirs of crystal clear water, continue to feed the streams of the Valley. With lessening waters are compensatory advantages; the regions of the upper air are more accessible and the weather "guaranteed fine."

Entering the Valley, on the south wall are Bridal Veil Falls. Its water slips over the top of granite rock, white, ethereal, and seems to drop its tenuous film into the treetops, appearing small and feeble at first, so overpowering is the impression of the mightier wall. Nearer, and there comes a sense of great power. The highest European falls is said to be the Staubbach or Dust Brook in Switzerland; but this one is higher, leaps out of a smoother channel, has greater volume of water and is seen in the midst of loftier precipices. The stream is full thirty feet wide, and falls first a distance of six hundred feet, then rushes over a sloping pile of debris and drops a perpendicular distance of three hundred feet more. But from the chief points of view it seems to make but one plunge, and the effect, Prof. J. D. Whitney said, "is that of being nine hundred feet in vertical height."

Around the shoulder, behind which Bridal Veil Creek makes



NEVADA FALLS



CATHEDRAL ROCKS

the way to the brink, are Cathedral Rocks. They get their name from their resemblance to the Duomo at Florence, and reach an elevation of 2,660 feet above the Valley floor, one spire rising sheer and solitary for 700 feet.

Across the Valley, and nearly opposite, is El Capitan. It rises 3,300 feet with an apparently vertical front, and has two faces nearly at right angles with each other. It projects into the Valley like a buttress, and presents to the vision at a single glance a superficial area of more than four hundred acres. It is said that the stupendous bulk of El Capitan is such that it can be seen from a certain vantage-ground at a distance of sixty miles.

The Three Brothers are a fraternal group a little beyond El Capitan and their resemblance depends upon the point of view. They are sometimes called the Three Graces. To the Indians their attitude is said to have suggested the heads of frogs sitting up ready to leap.

The highest one of the three is 3,530 feet, and is known from other points as Eagle Peak, reached by trail from the Valley.

Sentinel Rock faces Three Brothers from the south wall, and is a splintered granite tower or spire, very slender, and for about 1,500 feet below its apex is nearly perpendicular. The whole height above the river at its base is 3,059 feet.

Back of this natural and majestic monument stands Sentinel Dome, whose storm-worn top is 4,142 feet above the Valley. We will walk over its conoidal or onion-like layers when we scale the rim of the Valley.

We are now at the social center of Yosemite, and the hotel, the camps, the little postoffice, a few shops and offices, are gathered near here and opposite the great waterfall called after the Valley.

Seen from the Valley center, Yosemite Falls seem insignificant. It is, in fact, about thirty-five feet wide, and when the stream is full the roar can be heard all over the Valley, and the shock of its descent shakes windows a mile away. Halfway across the Valley it is hard to realize that this volume of white water plunges 2,600 feet—half a mile. As you walk toward it along the footpath it is seen between the trees, and



HALF DOME AND GLACIER POINT



BRIDAL VEIL FALLS

seems almost an unbroken fall from its granite lip to its final impact on the Valley floor. And from this point the height, the volume of water, the gray and yellow granite wall, the green herbage that frames the picture and the gradations of color and movements of the descending torrent, combine to make it the most wonderful and beautiful waterfall in all the world. In reality it is not one, but three. Time was, doubtless, when it leaped from the topmost edge of the cliff 3,000 feet to the Valley floor, but some convulsion has shaken down the original front to a point halfway down and the first fall is now 1,600 feet of sheer descent. Then comes a series of cascades, partly hidden through 600 feet downward, and a final leap, straight down, of 400 feet.

Across the Valley the south wall thrusts out a massive shoulder, which is well named Glacier Point. At no other point is the wall so bare and sheer, and you look up, almost from its solid foot, 3,234 feet. The flag which sometimes floats from the brink of the precipice is eighteen feet long, but it is seen dimly, looking no larger than a lady's handkerchief. An iron railing at the point protects visitors, and from here fireworks are often displayed.

Once more crossing on the north or left-hand side as we go up the Valley, stands Yosemite Point, flanked on the east by Indian Canyon, so called because by means of it the Indians of early days used it to enter or leave the Valley.

The Royal Arches are near the head of the Valley, in the vast vertical wall whose highest summit is North Dome. The arches are recessed curves in the granite front, very impressive because of their size, and made by the action of frost. Much of the rock here is formed in layers like the structure of an onion, and the arches are the fractured edges of these layers. Washington's Column is the angle of the wall at this point—a tower completing the massive wall at the very head of the Valley.

Over against it, but looking down the Valley, stands the highest rock of all the region—the great South Dome, or Half Dome, as it is often called. It is 8,927 feet above sea-level, or nearly 5,000 feet above the Valley. Its massive front is cleft straight down for about 2,000 feet, and the fractured face turned outward is polished by wind and storm. The side of the Half Dome turned toward the southwest has the curve of a great helmet and is so smooth and precipitous as to almost defy the most adventurous mountain climber. Milton wrote of "A rock piled up to the clouds Conspicuous afar,"



SENTINEL ROCK AND CAMP AHWAHNEE

and this describes the Half Dome. It dominates the Valley from almost every point.

Passing up Tenaya Canyon, we come to Mirror Lake, only an expansion of Tenaya Creek. But when the slow sun creeps over the great flank of the South Dome—the visit should always be made before sunrise—everything in this little mirror is wonderfully reproduced.

The stages reach the Valley by noon and the afternoon can be devoted to what is called the “round trip” or Meadow Drive on the floor of the Valley. The next morning you will do well to call the Saddle Train and take a trail to the rim of the Valley. Especially will you need to see Vernal and Nevada Falls. This will occupy a day. The trail leads up the rushing Merced past the Happy Isles and along the bottom of a wild canyon by titanic walls. Panorama Rock is 4,000 feet above the river, almost perpendicular, and at once the highest and most continuous wall of the Yosemite. It is written over by trickling water and painted by purple lichen, and perhaps nowhere else do you feel so deeply the geologic impressiveness of the region. From the bridge over the river half a mile away you catch a glimpse of Vernal Falls, a thing of glorious beauty in the dark canyon. The river is nearly eighty feet wide and drops sheer down 350 feet. The spray is driven outward like smoke, and everything of plant and grass, moss and fern, is kept vividly green by the incessant baptism. The trail leads directly to the top of the fall.

A little beyond—less than a mile—is Nevada Falls, where the same stream plunges downward 700 feet. The descent is not sheer. The great snowy torrent glances from sloping rock about midway just enough to make a compound curve.

The setting of the fall is impressive—Great Liberty Cap, a granite pile rising more than 2,000 feet above the pool, at its base, with Mount Broderick just back of it and the Half Dome near at hand.

Another day may be spent on the trail to Yosemite Falls and Eagle Rock. From the top we climb down to the lip of the fall, nearly five hundred feet below the actual rim of the rock wall, and from this point we have an inspiring view at once of the plunging torrent and of the peaceful Valley far below. A few miles takes us to Eagle Rock, where a still wider and finer view awaits us.

If equal to it, go on to the top of El Capitan. It is something to see the “topside” of the Great Captain and from here the lower section of the Valley is well seen.

The next day will be given to Glacier Point. The trail is a wonderful zigzag, a triumph of engineering.

At Union Point, 2,350 feet above the river, all will stop and rest a little on a slight plateau or bench of the gigantic wall. Just below stands an interesting shaft of granite, well named Agassiz Column. It is eighty-five feet high and its base is eroded until it looks too frail to support the greater bulk of rock above it.

Glacier Point is perhaps the most popular objective point in the whole region. On the way you visit Vernal and Nevada Falls, returning down the short zigzag past Agassiz Column and Sentinel Rock. Glacier Point is especially remarkable for its commanding position, its great vertical height and the unspeakable sublimity of the view from its projecting rocks. There is a comfortable hotel on the summit, and the stage will here meet parties which desire to go to the Big Trees of Mariposa. The projecting rocks which mark the Point are but a few yards from the hotel. It is exactly 3,234 feet from the top of the jutting rock down to the floor of the Valley, and a pebble dropped from this point will touch nothing until it strikes the talus, 3,000 feet straight down. The hotel is dwarfed to a hut, stately trees are mere shrubs, and men seem dots on the Valley floor.

Much of the northern rim of the Valley lies before you on the same level upon which you stand, with a background of higher mountains. There is Eagle Rock; here Yosemite Falls, shining in full light; opposite are the Royal Arches, the North Dome, and beyond, the Basket Dome; Mirror Lake is but a splash of light in the canyon; the great fractured face of the South Dome, with the outline of its splendid helmet unmarred, is above you, and beyond is the naked wind-swept granite of Clouds’ Rest between you and the sky; far to the right is seen the majestic Cap of Liberty with Mount Lyell, Mount Starr King, Mount Clark and the Obelisk, while, shifting your position but a little, Vernal and Nevada Falls are seen shining in the dark canyon. No wonder a veteran geologist called the view from the Point “the grandest sight on earth.”

Walk in the early morning to the top of Sentinel Dome, or down the fine trail to Illilouette Creek and its 500-foot plunge; or try a horseback ride along the rim of the south wall via Pohono trail, stopping at the “Fissures,” those curious crevices in the rocks, one four feet across and several hundred feet deep. You will do well to lie down on your stomach, crawl to the edge and look over into the abyss. You will never forget it.

When Yosemite was in the forest primeval and heard only the music of its own cataracts, it was a wild flower garden of many varieties, but the need of pasturage and the trampling of many feet have obliterated the delicate beauty which once was all the more striking by contrast with the towering rock walls which shut in the garden. But the Park is still a-bloom, and an

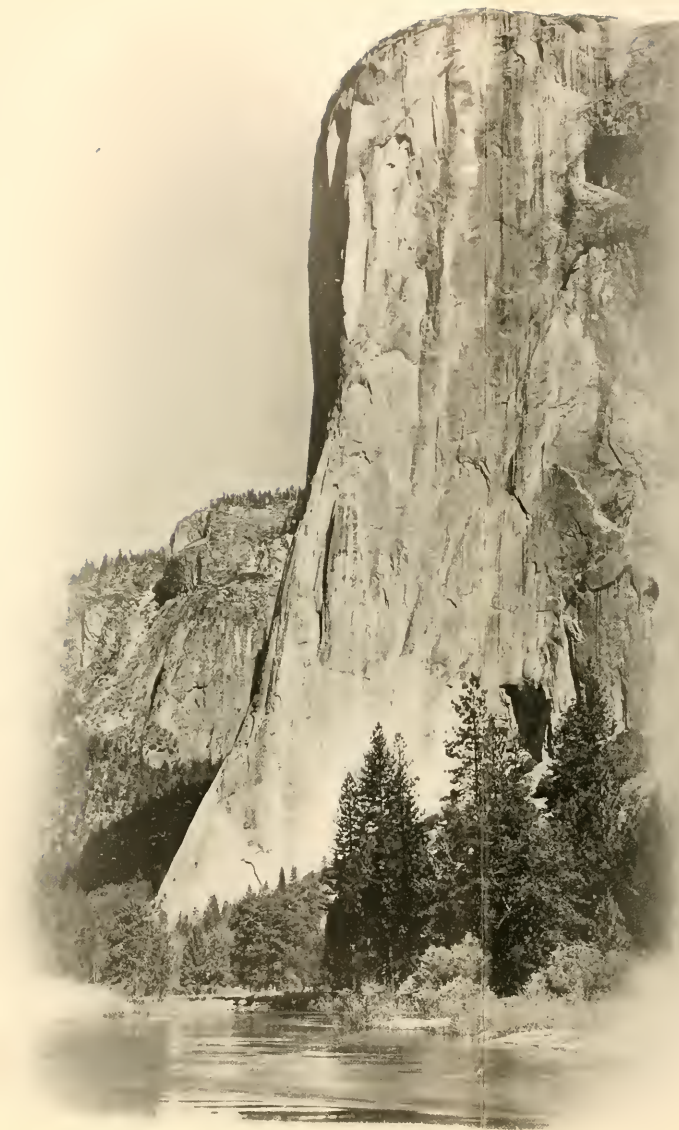


MIRROR LAKE

excursion beyond the rim of the Valley, and away from the frequented paths will reward the flower-lover with azaleas, wild roses, gillias, phloxes, lupines, potentillas, daisies, harebells, iris, the brodiaea and especially the calochortus, or Mariposa tulip, finer than any ever seen in Europe. There are five or six varieties, the *Calochortus albus* perhaps the loveliest of the

family. Muir says, "It puts the wildest mountaineer on his good behavior. With this plant the whole world would seem rich, though none other existed."

The great Valley is a tragedy of the days of wild unrest, when Nature's forces were destructive. Today she is covering the scars of the old wounding with verdure. You will be struck



EL CAPITAN

with the persistence of life. Where glaciers plowed the rocky field the tenderest flowers spring; where awful forces shattered the granite walls, are now swarming files of pine, fir and balsam. High up in granite cliffs, shrub, flower and tree are clinging, content with a handful of soil, as if to live were enough. Life marches up the gorges, climbs the precipices, camps on the sides of splintered peaks and braves the storms in exposed situations, as if just to spread soft petal, notched leaf, feathery plume or green branch were enough. You will miss something in the Valley if over the beauty and music of stream and waterfall, you do not see the marching files of plant-life conquering the granite, covering the nakedness, and hear tree, shrub and flower whisper from the heights of the rapture of living. It was all ugly once—a chaos of rock and denuded gorge. We might have wondered, we could not have admired. Now all is healed with bloom and beauty—all geological terribleness veiled under grass and fern, flower and leafy verdancy of the rejoicing trees. The whole movement today is toward beauty, and you will come away rested, renewed and recreated.

For ages this great chasm, whose birthday none can tell, has lain in the heart of the Sierra, unknown and unvisited. It was but yesterday, when men were feverishly searching these western mountains for gold, that Nature gave to the world this other treasure, beautiful beyond the dreams of men, which all may share and none be poorer for the sharing.

Probably the first white man who saw it, was Dr. Bunnell, in the winter of 1849-50. His first glimpse was of El Capitan, and from a long way off. He was ascending the old Bear



YOSEMITE FALLS



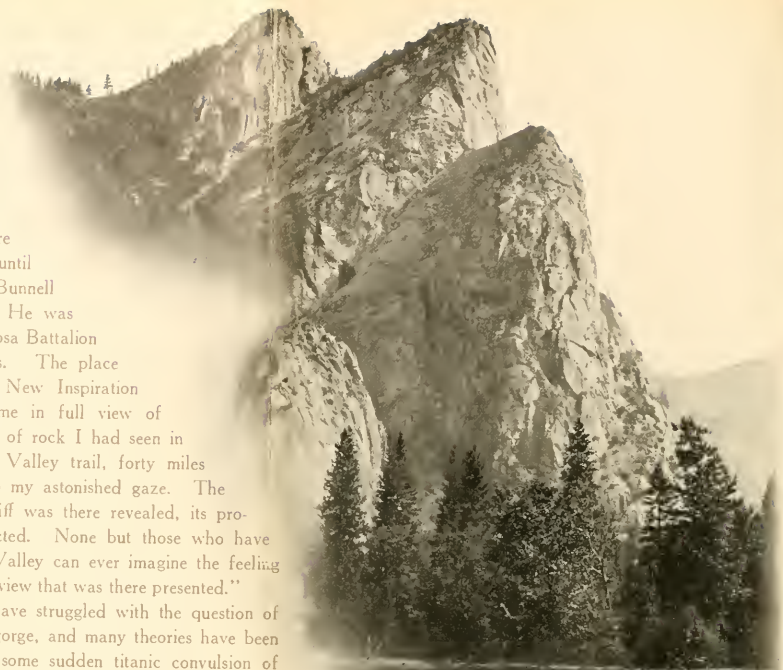


YOSEMITE VALLEY FROM OLD INSPIRATION POINT

Valley trail from Redley's Ferry on the Merced River, when "an immense cliff loomed apparently to the summit of the mountains." He "looked upon this awe-inspiring column with wonder and admiration," but inquiries concerning that locality were fruitless, and it was not until March, 1851, that Dr. Bunnell again saw the great rock. He was then a member of the Mariposa Battalion in pursuit of hostile Indians. The place was Mt. Beatitude, above New Inspiration Point. "Suddenly we came in full view of the Valley. The immensity of rock I had seen in my vision on the old Bear Valley trail, forty miles away, was here presented to my astonished gaze. The locality of the mysterious cliff was there revealed, its proportions enlarged and perfected. None but those who have visited this most wonderful Valley can ever imagine the feeling with which I looked upon the view that was there presented."

Since that day scientists have struggled with the question of the origin of the wonderful gorge, and many theories have been advanced. Was it due to some sudden titanic convulsion of Nature, which split open the earth's crust, leaving this great scar which Nature is covering with trees and flowers; was it some tremendous subsidence due to internal volcanic forces; was it the gradual, resistless erosive work of water, ever flowing, through eons and eons of time, that wore away these granite mountain peaks and left a valley in their place; or was it a glacier, a veritable *mer-de-glace*, that ground its downward way through the snowy passes until, meeting a gentler clime, it melted away, leaving us to read the story of its work in the glacial polish glistening upon the faces of Half Dome and old El Capitan? But the man who loves Nature in all her varied moods may well leave these problems to the academic discussion of science. Rather let his eye rove over the glorious riot of color and the splendor and majesty of form, the while his ear is charmed and his whole being thrilled as Nature plays for him her wondrous scale of harmony from tinkling rivulet to thunderous waterfall.

Yosemite is pre-eminently a region of contrasts. Yonder, an inaccessible ice-clad peak piercing the sky, and at our feet, a pleasant, verdant meadow, where cattle graze contentedly and



lazy trout lie luxuriously in quiet pools as the placid river ripples through the gently swaying rushes. But nowhere in the Valley is this swift transition from awe and majesty to peace and calm, more vividly impressed upon the visitor than on the trip to Mirror Lake. A short and easy ramble by the meadows, through the woods and along a road covered deeply with pine-needles, whose balsam fills the air, brings you to the rim of this liquid looking-glass. No zephyr breaks upon its placid depths, no sound disturbs the stillness of the air. Like a cup of molten silver it lies in the heart of the mountains, and as you gaze and gaze again into this crystal lake the foliage that lines its shore, the dark pines beyond and the giant outline of Mt. Watkins towering in the blue distance are pictured on its silver surface with a fidelity that makes you hesitate to say where ends reality and where begins similitude.



VERNAL FALLS

Among the places in the Valley which you will wish to see, is the Le Conte Memorial Building, or Lodge. It is located in a beautiful grove, directly under Glacier Point. It is open to the public from May to August, and the reading-room is filled with maps, photographs, Pacific Coast papers and magazines, and with literature pertaining to the Sierra. The initiative for such a memorial was taken by the Sierra Club of California, which maintains the lodge. Dr. Le Conte died in the Yosemite in July, 1901. He loved the region, and visited it eleven times.

His first sight of it was in 1870, and he says of this trip: "It was almost an era in my life. . . . I never enjoyed anything else so much." Yet later visits were red-letter days in his busy career, and when he was seventy years old, and ill, feeling that his life was spent, he was again in the Valley, riding about alone, "taking leave," he says, "with tears, of the splendid cliffs and glorious waterfalls as of my dearest friends." As marking the depth of his enjoyment, he visited the wondrous Valley several times after this, and at length closed his eyes amid its sublimities.

The charms and pleasures of Yosemite grow upon you with each succeeding visit and there are many who, by reason of this subtle attraction, have come, almost unconsciously, to acquire what might be termed the Yosemite habit. Year by year when the outdoor longing seizes them they throw off the thrall of city life, leave behind them the burden of business, and turning their footsteps to the Sierra fastnesses which ever guard this Golden State, answer gladly to the call of the wild. Here, fishing, tramping, riding, wandering carefree along the floor of the Valley, or scaling rugged scarp and crag, resting peacefully at night under the stars, muscles grow firm and nerves steady, while hearts beat in healthful unison with deep-drawn breaths of purest air, and life is once again the joy that it is meant to be.

The mountain climber goes to stretch his muscles and test his hand and eye upon the rougher trails; the fisherman goes there to tempt the trout in the long stretches of the lower river or in the swirling rapids and cascades above; the botanist finds there a hundred specimens of the mountain flora to enrich and beautify his store; the geologist may journey here from year to year and still make new discoveries; the landscape artist finds perpetual inspiration for his brush; and the writer feels anew the impotence of words, in poem or in prose, to tell aright the story of Yosemite.

Yosemite can be visited all the year round, and each season

has its own special delights and advantages. In the spring the melting snow turns the streams which feed the waterfalls into torrents, and the down-rushing water is in full volume; on every side are rivulets, leaping cascades and reverberating waterfalls; in the summer the highest trails are accessible, the weather is delightful and the whole atmosphere has a mellow, golden quality that at once rests and invigorates; in the autumn the air is clear, every outline and wonderful profile of rock and crag, of giant column and massive dome, stands out as though etched against the sky, the leaves are gently fading through a myriad shades of green and red and bronze—it is the artist's paradise of color; and in winter, with the Valley floor hidden beneath a snowy cover, with red snow plants thrusting their way through the white surface like tongues of flame, with every tree and plant drooping gracefully under its wintry burden, with marvelous icicles, like great stalactites, hanging from tower and pinnacle and over-arching rock, who shall say which is the best time to visit this wondrous garden of the Sierra?

Yosemite was once literally the "happy hunting-grounds" of the Indians where they realized on earth what the "good Indian" usually only expected after death. There are not many of them left today, though the valley is still the home of a few living in the primitive fashion of their ancestors. Ah-wah-nee was the name they gave to the valley, and to themselves the tribal name of Ah-wah-nee-chees. Yosemite or Yo-sem-i-te, was the "destroyer." Thus was the grizzly bear known, and so the white men who now own Ah-wah-nee named the great falls of Yosemite, known to the Indians as Cho-look. There are several picturesque legends of the Ah-wah-nee-chees. One of them tells of the giving of the title "Yosemite" to a young chieftain of the tribe. The Ah-wah-nee-chees, says the legend, in pride of power and conquest, for they were well-nigh invincible in their fertile and rock-ribbed valley fortress, forgot their gods and the Great Spirit who first split the heart of Kay-o-pha, the Sky Mountains, and gave it to the Ah-wah-nee-chees for their home, sent a black pestilence upon the valley and nearly destroyed the tribe, so that only a few were able to flee from the haunted place, leaving behind them the ashes of the funeral fires and the echoes of funeral wailing. After the Ah-wah-nee-chees had left, the valley grew rich again in berries, acorns, fruits and fish and game, but the tribe abandoned it entirely. Some of them took refuge beyond To-Co-Yah, the North Dome, amongst the



THE ROYAL ARCHES

Monos and Parutes, and with them the chief of the ill-starred Ah-wah-nee-chees. This chief took to wife a Mono maiden and by her he had a son, Ten-ie-ya, after whom the canyon is named. Finally Ten-ie-ya, reaching man's estate, decided to return to his heritage in Ah-wah-nee, and so he gathered the remnants of his tribe about him and gradually the valley became repopulated. Not long after his return the young chieftain, hunting in the spring by the lake of Ke-too-too-yem, the Sleeping Water, found his way disputed by a mighty grizzly, hungry and angry after his winter's sleep. Ten-ie-ya's only weapon was his fish spear, but casting this aside for a broken limb of a tree, he exchanged blows with the great bear until finally he crushed its skull and returned to his admiring tribe, who from that hour called him Yo-sem-i-te, the Large Grizzly Bear.

Other legends tell of Po-ho-no, the evil one, who lived by the Bridal Veil Falls. In the ripple of the water the Indians think they hear Po-ho-no's voice, and in the spray discern his mocking features and the wraiths of the maidens and hunters he has trapped on the slippery mosses at the head of the fall and dragged down to destruction. Po-ho-no is known as the Spirit

of the Evil Wind, and it is a curious fact that a wind persistently blows in the neighborhood of the fall when elsewhere the air is still.

Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah was the godlike guardian of the Ah-wah-nee-chees and saw that they were provided with fish and deer, with nuts and berries. He dwelled in his watchtower on the summit of El Capitan, and was beloved by the Ah-wah-nee-chees.

One dawn Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah heard a soft voice whisper his name and on the granite dome of the southern wall he saw Tis-sa-ack, the Fair One, with golden hair and azure eyes, the goddess of the valley, who shared with him the loving care of the Ah-wah-nee-chees. From that day the god, carried away by love, wooed the goddess to the neglect of the tribe so that the grass withered, the trees shriveled, fish failed in the streams and the deer forsook the coverts. Tis-sa-ack did not encourage his wooing, for she was sorry for the tribe, who prayed unavailingly to Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah. Finally, she prayed herself to the Great Spirit, and as an answer he rent the granite dome where Tis-sa-ack prayed, and filled the dry basin of Wai-ack, the Mirror Lake. But Tis-sa-ack was gone, pursued by Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah, blinded by the dawn that fluttered from the wings of the goddess. Where these soft feathers fell, up sprang white violets, which blossom to this day.

HOW TO GET THERE

Leave San Francisco Ferry via Southern Pacific in the morning, connecting at Merced with Y. V. R. R. and arriving at El Portal in the evening. Stage leaves El Portal 7:30 a. m. next morning, arriving Yosemite 11:00 a. m. Night train service will be established in April, 1910.

Rates to Yosemite and Return, Including Stage:

From San Francisco.....	\$22.35
From Los Angeles.....	31.20
From Sacramento.....	21.35

Proportionately low rates from all other points.

Through tickets sold by all Southern Pacific agents.

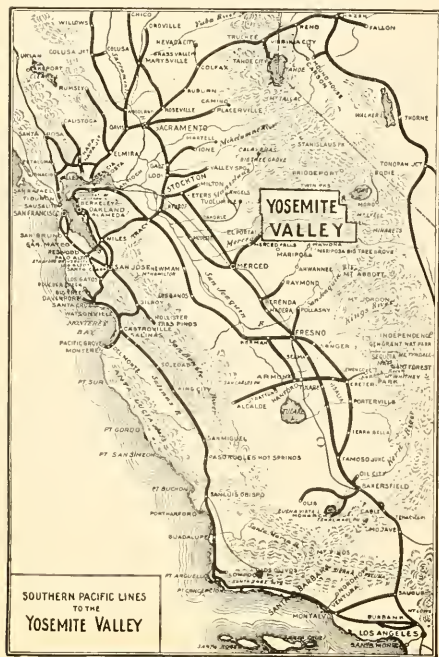
Baggage checked through to El Portal. Free allowance on railroads 150 pounds; on stages 50 pounds; excess baggage \$1.00 per cwt.

Observation car on Y. V. R. R. from Merced, seats 50 cents; tickets for which should be secured at Merced.

Take few extras, and let them be for use. Overcoats and wraps will be needed according to the season. Wear rough clothing and strong shoes.

The climate of Yosemite is pleasantly warm during the day and always cool after sundown.

The winter climate is usually pleasant with a good many crisp days—some snow and good skating.





SENTINEL HOTEL

HOTELS AND CAMPS

SENTINEL HOTEL. J. B. Cook, Proprietor. Rates from \$3.00 to \$4.00 per day, \$20.00 to \$25.00 per week. The hotel is electric-lighted and steam-heated throughout. Wells-Fargo Express, telegraph and postoffice, stage office, barber shop and laundry will be found at the hotel. Open all the year.

CAMP LOST ARROW. J. B. Cook, Proprietor. Rates \$2.00 per day, at the foot of Yosemite Falls in a beautiful grove of oaks. Miss Frances A. Hickey is in charge. Open during summer season.

CAMP CURRY. D. A. Curry, Proprietor. Rates \$2.00 per day, at the foot of Glacier Point on the road to Happy Isles, Vernal and Nevada Falls. Open during summer season.

CAMP AHWAHNEE. William M. Sell, Proprietor. Rates \$3.00 per day. Beautifully located on the main road into the valley, in the meadows, and about one mile from the village. Open during summer season.

GLACIER POINT HOTEL AND CAMP. J. B. Cook, Proprietor. Rates, hotel, \$4.00 per day. Camp, \$2.00 per day. On the top of Glacier Point commanding unsurpassed view. Mrs. Nettie Lewis is in charge. Open during summer season.

WAWONA HOTEL. Washburn Brothers, Proprietors. Rates \$3.50 to \$4.50 per day. Stopping place for Big Trees. Reached by stage from Sentinel Hotel or Glacier Point. Fare for round trip, including trip to Big Trees, \$15.00. Open during summer season.

HOTEL DEL PORTAL. Rates \$4.00 per day. At the end of the railroad and beginning of the stage ride into the valley. Open all the year. C. A. Babb, Proprietor.

All Camps provide floored tents, comfortable beds, baths and good sanitation. Mail, express and laundry are delivered at the Camps, which also have telephone communication with all places in and about Yosemite.

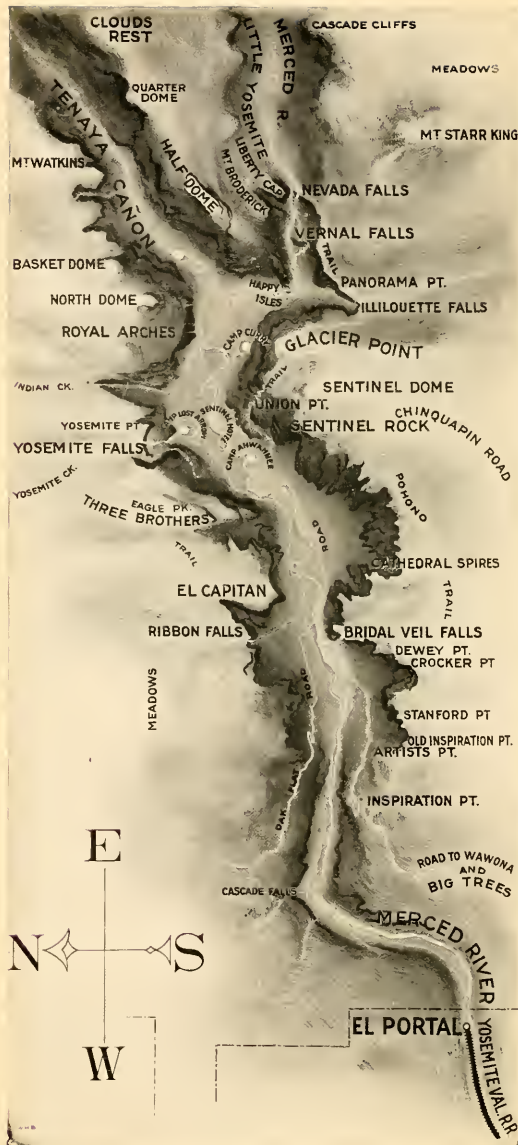
TABLE of ALTITUDES ABOVE FLOOR of VALLEY

WATERFALLS

Bridal Veil	940 feet
The Sentinel	3270 feet
South Fork	500 feet
Vernal	350 feet
Nevada	605 feet
Royal Arch	2000 feet
Yosemite:	
Upper Fall	1600 feet
Middle Fall	600 feet
Lower Fall	400 feet
Total	2600 feet
Ribbon	3300 feet

POINTS, PEAKS and DOMES

Three Graces	3400 feet
Cathedral Rock	2660 feet
Cathedral Spires	2579 feet
(2678 feet	
Sentinel Rock	3100 feet
Sentinel Dome	4125 feet
Glacier Point	3250 feet
Mt. Starr King	5100 feet
Cap of Liberty	2000 feet
Half Dome	5000 feet
North Dome	3725 feet
Three Brothers	3830 feet
Eagle Peak	3900 feet
El Capitan	3300 feet
Inspiration Point	1200 feet
Round Tower	2400 feet
Clouds' Rest	6000 feet
Yosemite Point	3220 feet
Floor of Valley, Mean Elevation	4000 feet



MAP OF YOSEMITE VALLEY

- 1 } THE THREE GRACES
- 2 }
- 3 }
- 4 BRIDAL VEIL FALLS
- 5 LEANING TOWER
- 6 MERCED RIVER
- 7 WAWONA ROAD
- 8 EL PORTAL ROAD
- 9 RIBBON FALLS
- 10 EL CAPITAN
- 11 }
- 12 } THE THREE BROTHERS
- 13 }
- 14 CATHEDRAL SPIRES
- 15 SENTINEL ROCK
- 16 UNION POINT
- 17 SENTINEL DOME
- 18 GLACIER POINT
- 19 YOSEMITE FALLS
- 20 ROYAL ARCHES
- 21 WASHINGTON COLUMN
- 22 NORTH DOME
- 23 BASKET DOME
- 24 MT. WATKINS
- 25 HALF DOME
- 26 MIRROR LAKE
- 27 VERNAL FALLS
- 28 NEVADA FALLS
- 29 LIBERTY CAP
- 30 ILLILOUETTE FALLS
- 31 MT. STARR KING
- 32 LITTLE YOSEMITE
- 33 CLOUDS' REST
- 34 TENAYA CANYON
- 35 SENTINEL HOTEL
- 36 CAMP AHWAHNEE
- 37 CAMP CURRY
- 38 CAMP LOST ARROW



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF YOSEMITE VALLEY, SHOWING SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL POINTS



THE "GRIZZLY GIANT," TROOPS AT BASE

The Big Trees (*Sequoia Gigantea*) are found only in the Sierra Nevada Range, at an altitude of from 3,500 to 8,000 feet. They are the largest and oldest living things in the world. Their only near relative is the *Sequoia Sempervirens*, found in the Coast Range of California. The Big Trees of the Sierra Nevada grow to an altitude of 340 feet, and have a base circumference of over one hundred feet. The bark sometimes exceeds forty inches in thickness. The Big Tree unquestionably antedated the Christian era. The age is determined by counting the annular rings from the center, each ring indicating a year's growth. When John Muir, best known of California scientists, carefully examined a tree burned part way through, it was found to be over 3,000 years of age.

It is believed that many of them greatly exceed that age, and Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, thinks there is no reason why the oldest of them should not have been living seven or eight thousand years. The trunk of the Big Tree is columnar, fluted perpendicularly, and in appearance and color varies from a very light brown to cinnamon. The older trees usually have little foliage for the first hundred feet, save feathery sprays. The rule is not absolute, however, and some of the larger trees, especially those in exposed places, branch near the earth. The limbs reach an enormous size, one, eighty feet from the ground on the Grizzly Giant in the Mariposa Grove, having a diameter of nearly seven feet. The best known groves are the Calaveras, South Park, Tuolumne, Mariposa and Fresno, ranging from thirty trees in the Tuolumne to thirteen hundred in the Calaveras. But along the Kings, Kaweah and Tule rivers the groves become forests, and the Big Trees are distributed by thousands over wide areas, it being estimated that in the Giant Forest alone there are over six thousand trees with a diameter equaling or exceeding fifteen feet each. The best known of all the groves, however, is the Mariposa, reached by a delightful daylight stage ride from the Yosemite Valley, with forests all the way. Daily service is maintained during the summer season, and the well conducted resort at Wawona, near by, cares for the visitors.



THE "WAWONA"—MARIPOSA GROVE OF BIG TREES

YOSEMITE VALLEY

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

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